



VALUES
To Live By™

A Classic Story About Orderliness

Alice in Wonderland

By Lewis Carroll

Retold by Mary Weber

Illustrated by Isidre Mones



This Book Belongs To:

Values To Live By™ Classic Stories

Alice in Wonderland

Black Beauty

Call of the Wild

The Jungle Book

Pinocchio

Robinson Crusoe

Secret Garden

Swiss Family Robinson

Treasure Island

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea

Wonderful Wizard of Oz



**VALUES
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Alice in Wonderland

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Alice in Wonderland

What began as an author's gift to one 10-year-old child became an everlasting treasure to us all.

The story was created for Alice Liddell, the daughter of the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, England, where the author taught. The tale was first told on a summer day in 1862 as Charles Dodgson rowed down the river Isis with another teacher, Alice and her two sisters. Dodgson so delighted Alice with his story that she begged him to write it down. This he did and three years later the book was published.

After publishing *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, the author continued the character's story in *Through the Looking Glass* and *What Alice Found There*. Among Carroll's other noted works were two poems, "Jabberwocky" and "The Hunting of the Snark." However, it is the tale of a young girl who tumbles into an upside-down world that remains his most famous and treasured story.

The first film version of *Alice in Wonderland* was made in 1903. However, it is the 1951 Disney film that is the most famous retelling of the classic story.

Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, mathematician, teacher, lover of puzzles and master storyteller wrote the beloved classic *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* in 1865 under the pen name of Lewis Carroll.

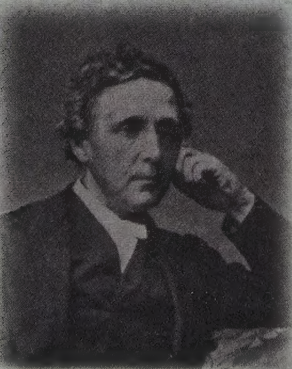
Born in Daresbury, Cheshire, England, in 1832, Dodgson was one of 11 children. He was a shy man who often stammered, but it's said he spoke perfectly when telling his stories to young children.



Lewis Carroll's study at Christ Church, Oxford, England.

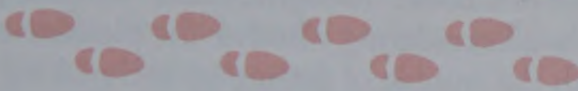


Alice Liddell, who was Dodgson's inspiration for *Alice in Wonderland*.



Lewis Carroll

VALUABLE FOOTSTEPS



Stories like *Alice in Wonderland* are fun to read and think about, but can also teach us about the world and ourselves. *Alice in Wonderland* is a great story to teach us about the word *order*. To be orderly is to neatly plan what you do or say. You can learn more about the value *order* by trying to understand what Alice or the other story characters are thinking or feeling and how they view the world.

Try the following little activity with a parent, sister, brother or friend while you read the story. First, watch for footsteps within the book pages. They will lead you to a special paragraph where you can pretend to be one of the story characters. By “walking in his or her shoes,” you can begin to understand that character. Then talk about how you would feel and what you would do if you took that character’s place. Would you feel confused? Would you know what to do or say? What could you do to bring order to the story?

❧ Down the Rabbit-Hole ❧

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the riverbank and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it. "What is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?" She was considering whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her. There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very strange to hear the White Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!" But when the White Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket and looked at it and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet. She ran across the field after it and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge. In another moment, down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth," she thought. As Alice continued to fall, her mind began to wander and she began to get rather sleepy. Down, down, down. She felt that she was dozing off and had just begun to dream when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.



Alice was not a bit hurt and she jumped up on her feet in a moment. She looked up, but it was all dark overhead. Before her was a long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost! Away went Alice, just in time to hear the rabbit say, as it turned a corner, "Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the same corner, but the White Rabbit was no longer to be seen. She found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all around the hall, but they were all locked. When Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle. She wondered how she was ever to get out again. Suddenly she came upon a little glass table. There was nothing on it but a tiny golden key. Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! Either the locks were too large, or the key was too small. At any rate it would not open any of them. While trying the locks again, she noticed a low curtain and behind it was a little door about 15 inches high. She tried the golden key in the lock and to her great delight, it opened, leading to a small passage not much larger than a rat hole. She knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall and wander among those bright flowers, but she could not even get her head through the doorway. "Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin." She sadly shut the small door and went



back to the table, half hoping she might find another key, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like a telescope. Instead, she now found the little table had been set for tea, complete with teacups and scones. The pastry looked quite tasty, and a note invited her to *kindly*, eat. Thinking it had been some time since lunch, Alice picked up a scone and took a bite.

“What a curious feeling!” said Alice as she swallowed the pastry. “I must be shutting up like a telescope.”

And so she was! She had suddenly shrunk to only 10 inches high and her face brightened at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into the lovely garden.

But, alas for poor Alice! When she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key. When she went back to the table for it, she found she could not reach it. She could see it through the glass and tried to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery and she sat down with a *plop!* to the ground.

But what was that? Her eyes fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it and found in it a very small cake on which the words *Help Yourself!* were clearly marked.

“My hosts are certainly looking after me,” thought Alice. “If it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key, and if it makes me smaller, I can crawl through the door. So either way, I’ll get into the garden and I don’t care what happens.”

So she set to work and very soon finished off the cake. 



❧ *The Pool of Tears* ❧

“Curiouser and curiouser,” cried Alice. “Now I’m opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye feet!” (for when she looked down at her feet, they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). Just at that moment, her head struck against the roof of the hall. In fact, she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was hopeless. She sat down and began to cry again, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool around her.



After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance. It was the White Rabbit returning, dressed with a pair of white gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other.

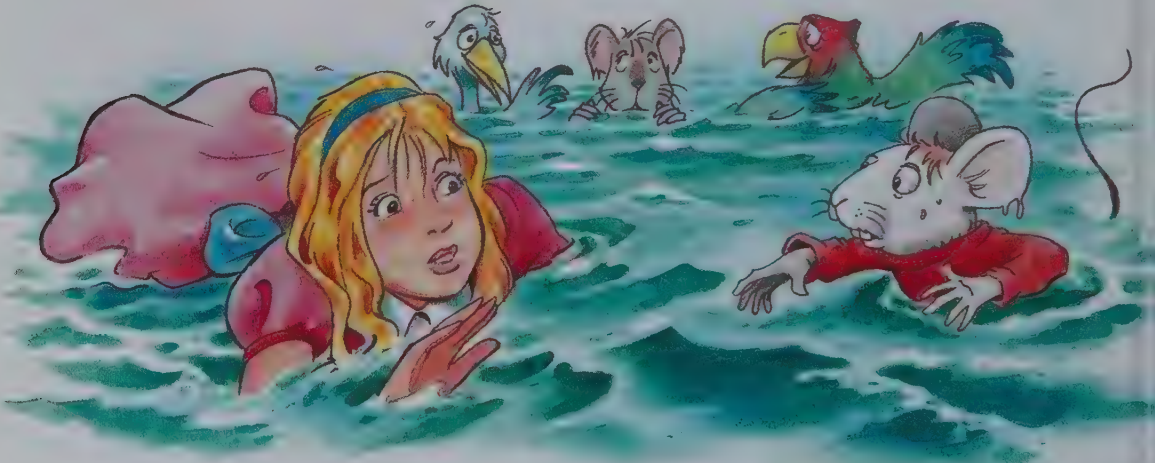
“If you please, sir,” said Alice. The White Rabbit started, dropped the gloves and the fan and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves. As the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself while talking. “Dear, dear! How strange everything is

today!" As she said this, she looked down at her hands and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the White Rabbit's little white gloves. "How can I have done that?" she thought. "I must be growing smaller again." She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, (placing the key atop it). She found, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high and was shrinking rapidly. She soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding. She dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

Would her small size allow her now to enter the beautiful garden? But,, no, the door was shut, and the little golden key was lying on the table as before. "I never was so small," cried Alice and her foot slipped. In another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. She soon made out that she was in the pool of tears, which she had wept when she was nine feet high. "I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice, as she swam about.

Just then she heard something splashing about a little way off. It was a mouse that had slipped in like herself. "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool?"



The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, "Follow me and let us get to the shore as this pool is getting rather crowded by the minute." Alice was amused to see that an assortment of birds and animals had fallen into the water as well. They followed Alice and the Mouse as they paddled to the distant shore. ❧

❧ *The White Rabbit Sends in a Little Bill* ❧

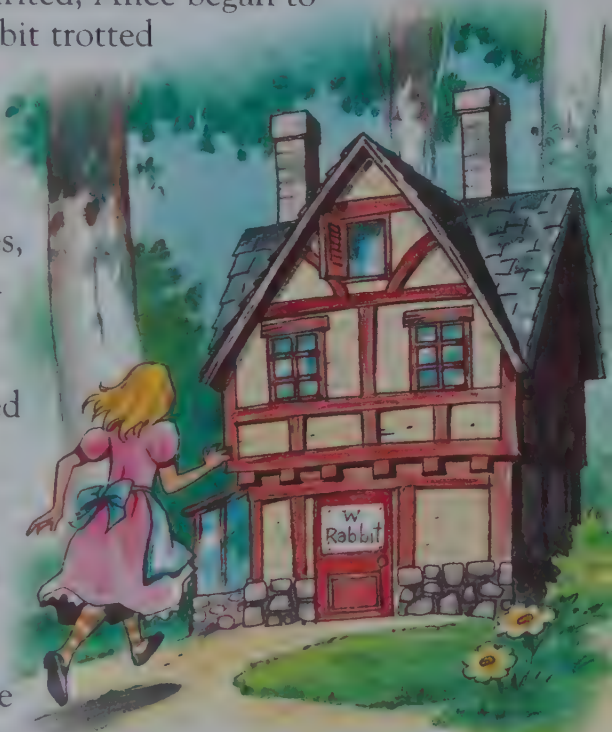
Once on land, the bedraggled birds and the dripping animals soon took their leave. "I really must be getting home," called out an old Magpie. "It's high time I was in bed," said a Canary. So, on various pretexts, all the animals moved off and Alice was left alone.

Feeling very lonely and low-spirited, Alice began to cry again, but soon the White Rabbit trotted slowly into sight. "Oh my dear paws! Where could I have dropped them!" Alice guessed in a moment that he was looking for the fan and the pair of white gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them, but they were nowhere to be seen. Everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool.

Very soon the White Rabbit noticed Alice. "Why, Mary Ann, what are you doing here? Run home this moment and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan! Quick, now!" And Alice was so frightened that she ran off at once in the direction the rabbit pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that he had made.

"He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. "How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am!" Soon she approached a neat little house with a door upon which was engraved the name *W. Rabbit*. She went in without knocking and hurried upstairs. "How strange it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be a servant for a rabbit!"

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room with a table, and on it a fan and two or three pairs of tiny white gloves. Taking them, she was just going to leave the room when her eye fell upon a large



cookie sitting atop a silver tray. "I know *something* interesting is sure to happen if I eat it." She carefully took a bite. Suddenly she found her head pressing against the ceiling. She hastily put down the cookie, saying to herself, "That's quite enough – I hope I shan't grow any more. But she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor. Still she went on growing and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window and one foot up the chimney. "What *will* become of me," thought Alice.

After a few minutes Alice heard a voice outside. "Mary Ann! Mary Ann! Fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came the pattering of feet on the stairs.

Presently, the White Rabbit came up to the door and tried to open it, but Alice's elbow was pressed against it and the door would not budge. "Then I'll go round and get in at the window," said the White Rabbit.

Alice waited until she heard the White Rabbit just under the window, then spread out her hand and made a snatch in the air. She heard a shriek and a fall and a crash of broken glass.

"Bill! Bill! Where are you?" said the White Rabbit. "Come and help me get up! Once upright, the White Rabbit pointed toward the window.

"Now tell me, Bill, what do you see up there?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honor!"

"Well, go and take it away!"

There was a long silence, then assorted whispers, a rumbling of little cart wheels and then the sound of a good many voices, "Where's the other ladder? – They don't reach high enough yet – Will the roof bear? – Mind that loose slate – Oh, it's coming down!" (A loud crash.)

"Here, Bill! The master says you've got to go down the chimney!"



"Oh, so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he?" said Alice to herself. She waited till she heard a little animal scratching about in the chimney close above her. She then gave a mighty kick.

The first thing she heard was, "There goes Bill!" – then, "Catch him!"

A feeble squeaking voice was soon heard (which Alice surmised must be Bill's), "Well, I hardly know – all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket!"

"We must burn the house down!" said the White Rabbit, and Alice called out as loud as she could, "If you do, I'll set Dinah, my cat, at you." (Since Dinah was safely at home, that was highly unlikely.)

After a minute or two, there was movement again, and Alice heard the White Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

"A barrowful of *what*?" thought Alice. At the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face.

Alice noticed with some surprise that the pebbles were all turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head.

"If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make some change in my size. As it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller."

So she swallowed one of the cakes and was delighted to find that she began shrinking. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house and found quite a crowd of animals. The poor little lizard, Bill, was being held up by two guinea-pigs. The animals



all made a rush at Alice, but she ran off and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she wandered about the wood, "is to grow to my right size again. The second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. Stopping to catch her breath, Alice found a wonderful leafy tree under which was spread a picnic lunch. A hunk of cheese looked most tempting. A note was propped up against the cheese. "One side will make you taller, and the other will make you shorter," it read.

Alice picked up the cheese and broke off a bit from either side. She then nibbled first on one piece and then on the other. As she ate, she grew sometimes taller and sometimes shorter depending on which piece she was tasting at the time. Soon she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height. She carefully put the pieces of cheese in her left and right pockets. "I may need them later," thought Alice.

Now that she had gotten back to her right size, she set about finding the right path. But, there seemed to be no clue as to which way was right and which way was wrong. She turned around and around, then stopped with a start. Before her was a cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off. The cat grinned when it saw Alice.

"Please, can you tell me," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you grin like that?"

"I'm a Cheshire Cat."

"I didn't know Cheshire Cats always grinned. In fact, I didn't know that cats could grin."



"We all can," said the Cat, "and most of us do."

"Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"— so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice said.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

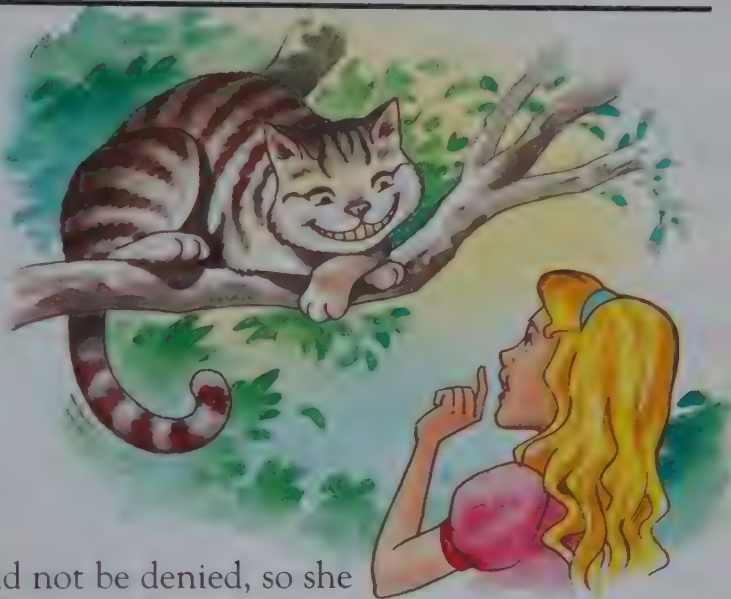
"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat. "We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here." And without another word, the Cat began to vanish, bit by bit, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin. "Well, I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but not a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!"

Alice slowly walked in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of a house. She thought it must be the house of the March Hare because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was a large house, and she walked toward it rather timidly. "Suppose it should be raving mad after all!" she said to herself. "I almost wish I'd gone to see the Hatter instead." ❧



❧ *A Mad Tea-Party* ❧

There was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it.

A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep.

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming.

"There's plenty of room," said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some lemonade," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea and stacks of unwashed dishes. "I don't see any lemonade," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

Alice was silent for a moment, trying to make some sense of this nonsensical conversation. Suddenly, the Hatter opened his eyes wide and said, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

With a sigh of relief, Alice now thought they would deal with something she could understand. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much, and with a shrug she said, "No, I give up. What's the answer?"



"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

Alice sighed wearily, "I think you might do something better with the time than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting it. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Ah!" said the Hatter, "if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons. You'd only have to whisper a hint to Time and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

"That would be grand," said Alice, "but then – I shouldn't be hungry for it."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter. "But you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that how *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "It was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing.

Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!

How I wonder what you're at!

Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Put him behind bars!' And ever since that, he won't do a thing I ask. It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea-time and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round the table, I suppose?" said Alice.



"Exactly so," said the Hatter. "As the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"I want a clean cup," exclaimed the Hatter. "Let's all move one place on."

Alice's question forgotten, he moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him. The March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place and Alice, rather unwillingly, took the place of the March Hare. Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

This mad scene was just too much for Alice to bear, and she quickly arose and walked off in disgust.



"At any rate I'll never go *there* again!" said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. "It's the silliest tea-party I was ever at in all my life!"

Just as she said this, she noticed that one of the trees she passed had a door leading right into it. "That's very curious!" she thought. "But everything's curious today. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in a long hall and close to the little glass table. "Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself. She began by taking the little golden key and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then, she set to work nibbling at the cheese (she had kept the pieces in her pockets) until she was about a foot high. She then walked into the beautiful garden. 

❧ The Queen's Croquet Game ❧

A large rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden. The roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners busily painting them red. The gardeners' bodies were oblong and flat, like playing cards, and each was a member of the Spades suit.

"Would you tell me please," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

"Why, the fact is, you see, miss," said Gardener Number Two, "this here ought to have been a red rose-tree and we put a white one in by mistake. If the Queen was to find out, we should all end up in jail, you know. So you see, miss, we're doing our best, before she comes to —." At this moment Gardener Number Seven, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out, "The Queen! The Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.

First came 10 soldiers carrying clubs. After these came the royal children; there were 10 of them. Next came the guests, mostly assorted Kings and Queens. Among the guests, Alice recognized the White Rabbit who was followed by the Jack of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a velvet cushion. Last of all came the King and Queen of Hearts.

"Who is this?" said the Queen to the Jack as she looked at Alice.

The Jack of Hearts only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Simpleton!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently, and turning to Alice she went on, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your majesty," said Alice very politely.



"And who are *these*?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners who had thrown themselves flat upon their faces. Since the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, soldiers or three of her own children.

"How should I know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. The Queen turned crimson with fury and began screaming, "Put her behind bars! Put —"

"Nonsense!" said Alice very loudly and decidedly and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon the Queen's arm and timidly said, "Consider, my dear. She is only a child!"

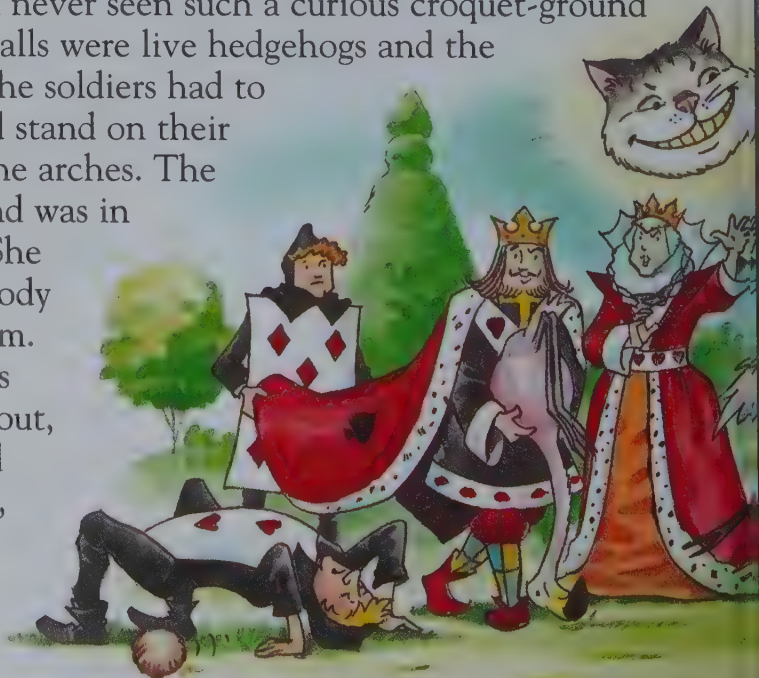
The Queen turned angrily away from him and screamed at Alice, "Can you play croquet?"

"Yes!" Alice shouted back.

"Come on then!" roared the Queen, and Alice followed her lead, wondering very much what would happen next.

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions. However, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game soon began.

Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life. The croquet-balls were live hedgehogs and the mallets, live flamingos. The soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet to make the arches. The chief difficulty Alice found was in managing her flamingo. She succeeded in getting its body tucked away under her arm. But, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, it would twist itself round and look up into her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing. When she



finally had got its head down, the hedgehog had unrolled itself and was in the act of crawling away.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarreling all the while and fighting for the hedgehogs. In a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, shouting, "Put him behind bars!" or "Put her behind bars!"

Alice began to feel very uneasy. To be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute. She was looking about for some way of escape and wondering whether she could get away without being seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air. "It's the Cheshire Cat! Now I shall have somebody to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" asked the Cat. Alice put down her flamingo and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had someone to listen to her.

"I don't think they play at all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone. "They all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear one's self speak – and they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them, and you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive; for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next, walking about at the other end of the ground – and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

Before the Cat could reply, there was heard in the distance a cry, "The trial's beginning!"

Alice began to ask the Cat, "What trial is it?" But suddenly the Cat's head began fading away and had soon disappeared completely. Everyone was running, and silly as it was to run when no one had an idea of where one was running to, Alice dutifully followed.



❧ Who Stole the Tarts? ❧

Alice now found herself in a place altogether different from the last place she had been. She seemed to have come upon a courtroom of sorts. The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on thrones with a great crowd assembled about them – all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards. The Jack of Hearts was standing before them in chains. Near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it.



“Herald, read the accusation!” said the King.

The White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet and then unrolled the parchment scroll and read as follows:

*“The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer day:
The Jack of Hearts, he stole those tarts
And took them quite away!”*



“Consider your verdict,” the King said to the jury, which was made up of 12 creatures sitting in the jury-box.

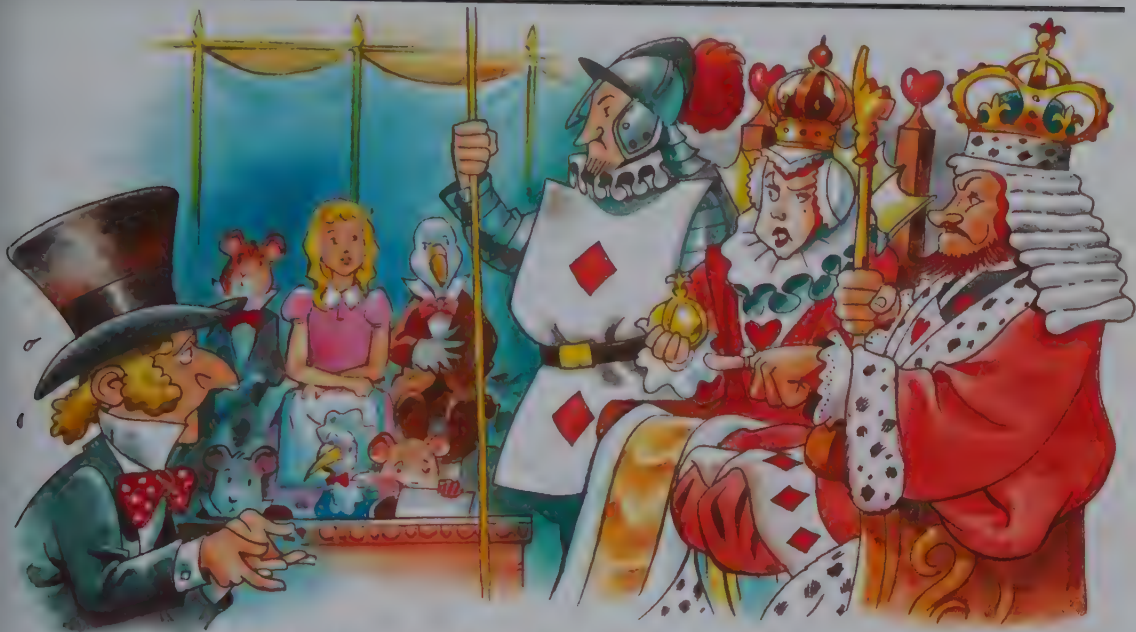
“Not yet, not yet!” the White Rabbit hastily interrupted. “There’s a great deal to come before that!”

“Call the first witness then,” said the King. The White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet and called out, “First witness!”

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other.

“I beg pardon, your majesty,” he began, “for bringing these in, but I hadn’t quite finished my tea when I was sent for.”

“You ought to have finished,” said the King. “When did you begin?”



The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse.

"Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury who eagerly wrote down all three dates on slates they held and then added the numbers up.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

"*Stolen!*" the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation, "I've none of my own. I'm a hatter."

"Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you put behind bars."

Just at that moment, Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her until she made out what it was. She was beginning to grow larger again. She thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thought, she decided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "whether you are nervous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your majesty," the Hatter began in a trembling voice, "and I hadn't but begun my tea – not above a week or so – and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin – and the twinkling of the tea –"

"The twinkling of *what*?" asked the King.

"It began with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course twinkling begins with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter and went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your majesty," he began.

"You're a very poor speaker," said the King, "and if that's all you know, you may stand down."

"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter. "I'm on the floor, as it is."

"Then you may sit down," the King replied. "Dismissed!" And the Hatter hurriedly left the court.

"Call the next witness," said the King.

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like –

"for they haven't got much evidence yet," she said to herself.

Imagine her surprise when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"



❧ Alice's Evidence ❧

"Here!" cried Alice, quite forgetting how large she had grown in the last few minutes. She jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt. It upset all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below, and there they lay, sprawling about.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed in a tone of great dismay.

When everything was set aright, the King said to Alice, "What do you know about this business?"

"Nothing," said Alice.

"Nothing, whatever?" persisted the King.

"Nothing whatever," said Alice.

"That's very important," the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted. "Unimportant, your majesty means, of course," he said.

"Unimportant, of course, I mean," the King hastily said.

Some of the jury wrote it down "important" and some "unimportant." Alice could see this, as she was near enough to see their slates.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his notebook, called out "Silence!" He read from his book, "Rule 42. All persons more than a mile high to leave the court."

Everybody looked at Alice, who had grown at a very alarming rate.

"I'm not a mile high," said Alice.



"You are," said the King.

"Nearly two miles high," added the Queen.

"Well, I shan't go, at any rate," said Alice. "Besides, that's not a regular rule. You invented it just now."

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale and shut his note book hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury.

"There's more evidence, please your majesty," said the White Rabbit.

"There seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to – to somebody."

"Who is it directed to?" asked one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit as he removed the paper from its envelope. "It isn't a letter; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the strangest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury brightened up again.)

"Please your majesty," said the Jack;

"I didn't write it. There's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

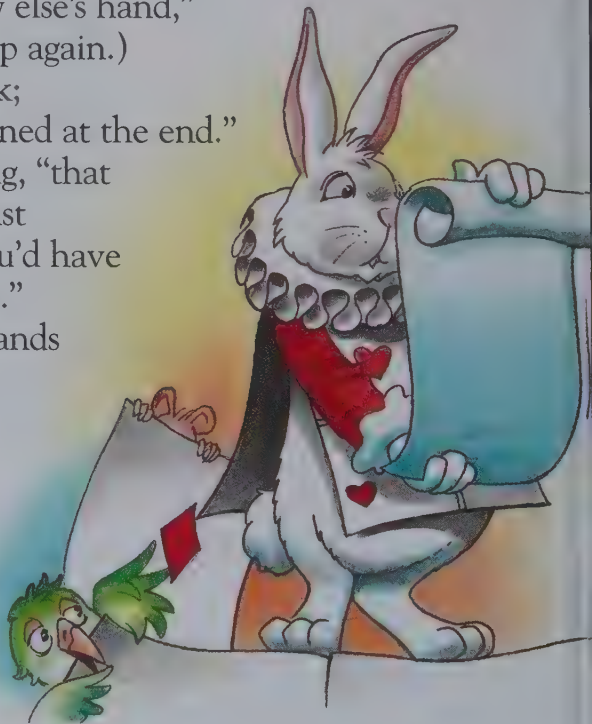
There was a general clapping of hands at this. It was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That proves his guilt," said the Queen.

"It proves nothing of the sort!" said Alice. "Why, you don't even know what the verses are about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit obeyed:



"They told me you had been to her,
And mentioned me to him:
She gave me a good character,
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone
(We know it to be true):
If she should push the matter on,
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,
You gave us three or more;
They all returned from him to you,
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be
Involved in this affair,
He trusts to you to set them free,
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been
(Before she had this fit)
An obstacle that came between
Him, and ourselves and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best,
For this must ever be
A secret, kept from all the rest,
Between yourself and me."



"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury –"

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice. (She had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him.) "I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, "that saves a world of trouble, as we needn't try to find any. And yet," he spread the verses out on his knee;

"I seem to see some meaning in them, after all – '*said I could not swim*' – you can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Jack.

The Jack shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did not, being made entirely of cardboard.)

"All right, so far," said the King and he went on, "*We know it to be true*' – that's the jury, of course – '*I gave her one, they gave him two*' – why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know –."

"But it goes on – '*they all returned from him to you*,'" said Alice.

"There they are!" said the King triumphantly, pointing to the tarts on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Let the jury consider their verdict."

"No, no!" said the Queen. "Sentence first – verdict afterward."

"Nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice.

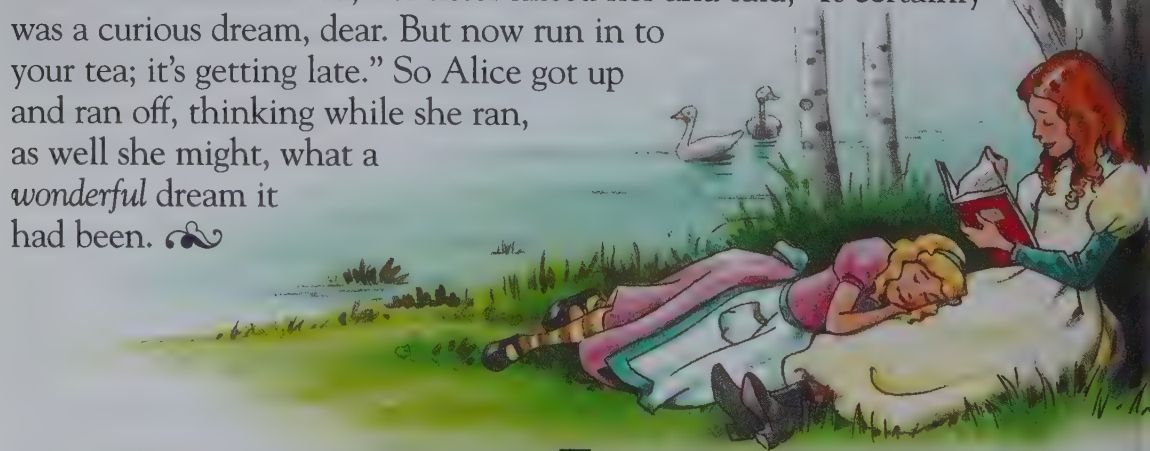
"Put her behind bars!" the Queen shouted. Nobody moved.

"Who cares for you?" said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). "You're nothing but a pack of cards!"

The whole pack rose up into the air and came flying down upon her. She gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger. She tried to beat them off and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister.

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "Why what a long sleep you've had."

"Oh, I've had such a curious dream!" said Alice, and she told her sister all these strange adventures of hers that you have just been reading about. When she had finished, her sister kissed her and said, "It certainly was a curious dream, dear. But now run in to your tea; it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a *wonderful* dream it had been. ❧



What do you think?

Reading a book is like taking a magic carpet ride into a new and different world. In the world of *Alice in Wonderland*, you experienced exciting adventures right along with her. Classic stories like this one are fun to read, but also teach us about the world and ourselves. Wouldn't it be fun to share what you've learned with a brother, sister, friend or parent? Find a quiet spot to talk; then use the questions on the next two pages to discuss *Alice in Wonderland* and the valuable lessons it teaches.

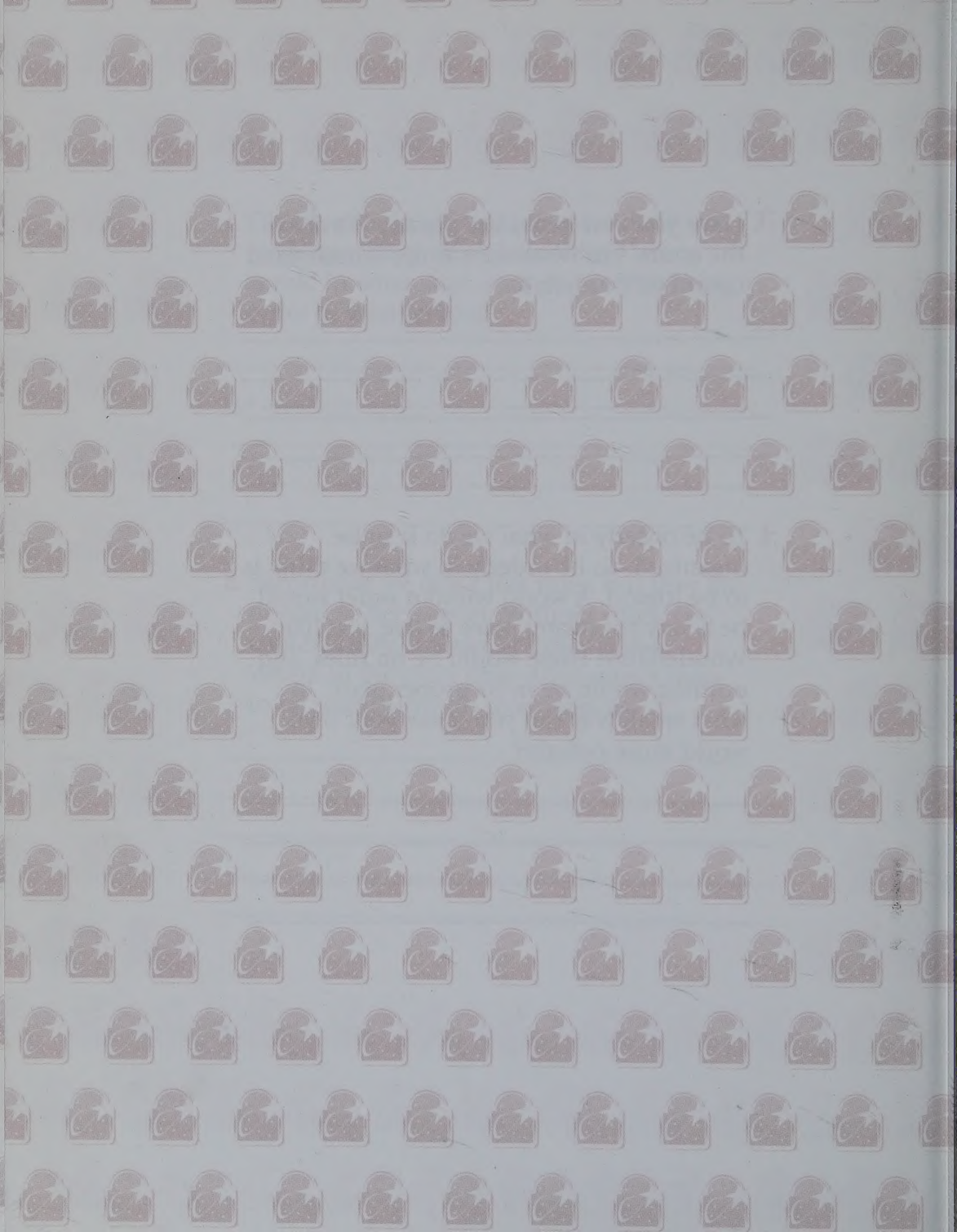


1. *Orderly* people use logic to solve their problems. They think before they act or speak. In what ways does Alice try to bring order to Wonderland?

2. Sometimes we don't like rules, but they are needed to keep order. Without rules, you couldn't play croquet or other games. Where in the story does Alice expect there to be rules? How do rules help us?

3. Have you ever heard the phrase, "Order in the court"? In what ways is the Wonderland court NOT orderly?

4. To be orderly in what we do is to be organized. To be orderly in what we think is to be logical. A world without order would be a very confusing place to live, just like Wonderland. There would be no rules, and nothing would be in its proper place. In what small way can you make your own world more orderly?





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